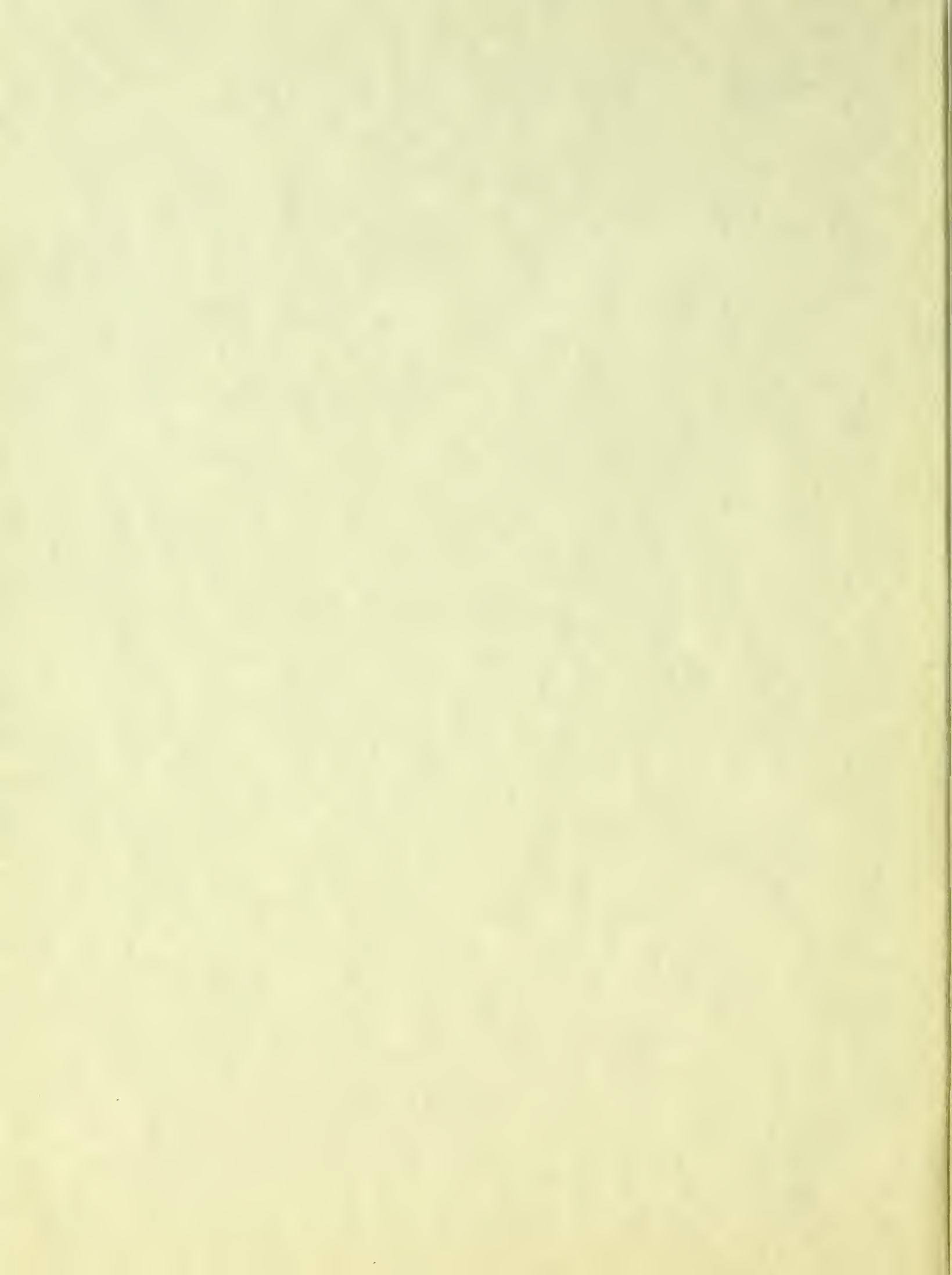


WESTMINSTER





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Argo: A Book of
Westminster College
1969.



Preface

Westminster College is not physical. It is an atmosphere of learning; a starting point where the individual is set adrift to use his sextant in finding his guiding stars. A plotted course is needed but it must be chosen. However, to choose wisely and to obtain the best course, you must understand yourself. There is a fine line here: although one course is chosen, the others must never be forgotten or blotted out ... You change and your course will also.

This book should make you think of yourself as an individual and force you to ask questions that can be answered only by *your* mind. This book is not a scrapbook but a yearbook because it is being written today, now, in 1969, with the problems of the world forcing you to choose ideals and values. The times are changing

rapidly and so, with it, is the philosophy of life by which the college student abides. This is the essence of a college; the philosophy and growth of its students in a process of change.

“The bird that I hope to catch in the net of this play is not the solution of man’s psychological problems. I’m trying to catch the true quality of experience in a group of people, that cloudy, flickering, evanescent – fiercely charged! – interplay of live human beings in the thundercloud of a common crisis. Some mystery should be left in the revelation of character in life, even in one’s own character to himself. This does not absolve the playwright of his duty to observe and probe as clearly and as deeply as he legitimately can: but is should steer him away from “pat” conclusions, facile definitions which make a play just a play, not a snare for the truth of human experience.”

—Tennessee Williams

Society has placed a pressure upon the student and every year the pressure shifts to a different slant or outlook of future goals. This book is pushed to the pursuit of marking and writing down the experience of Westminster. To give pictures of just organizations does nothing for the individual not involved in them; it is important, however, to show what was really going on here, now, this year, in the minds of the students. For in twenty years you will look back and hopefully read what you were like in 1969.



“Call me Ishmael. Some years ago – having little or no money in my purse, and nothing in particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail out a little and see the watery part of the world . . . Whenever I find myself growning grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul . . . I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball . . . There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, sometime or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings toward the ocean with me.”

–Melville, *Moby Dick*

A symbolic sea is awaiting us after four years here. Some of us will set adrift, searching; others will steer toward a goal on a near or distant shore; still others will climb aboard for the adventure, biding their time — at least for awhile; and there are those of us who will leave shore never to return, by choice or by misfortune. But all of us must leave. Having little or no money is of short consequence now, but after a diploma, money will mean sink or swim for the majority of us.

Whether college be a prison, a penthouse, or a Paradise Valley, four years in one place is sure to make an imprint on those who come here, and graduate from here to become many things. There are those who will leave as idealistic as they came. And there are those who will leave with bitterness, distain, disillusionment and frustration, symbolized by a diploma that means only a ticket to go onto better, more meaningful things. There are also a few who will understand their position in a learning institution and use it for its main purpose of education. Too many students of our time go through the college but not into it.

The ways of change come slowly to the student's understanding. It is up to the student to discover them, ride its currents, and then decide on change. If a student tries to change the course of others, just for the reason of change, without knowing what the new direction will be, he runs the risk of failing both himself and the institution. It's not worth it. Today's students want change. They need change. However, too often they are ignorant of the unseen problems that can appear to a

specific situation (started anew by students) because of age. The establishment has faults but these are known to both sides. The student is not the only one who wishes to change these faults, so if he will take the time to understand, he will work with, not against, for change.

The “here” and “now” of the “watery world” does not wait in order to swallow, to challenge, to hurt, to thrill, to stunt those courageous or rash enough to venture out to meet the waves. The world is very seldom kind to those who need a little extra something to get going . . . at best it is only tolerant of our newness to its old ways.

And so we rush to be buffeted by waves of competition, prejudice, fear, intelligence . . . humanity. Immaturity is crushed by the reality of out there; maturity is a leveller; livelihood is often an onimous opponent to both. Whether we go to eke out a living, or to replace the old in a red leather armchair, life is not going to put itself at our feet. Whether we run to it, or away from it, mankind will soon sample our eagerness. This eagerness hopefully will be in the direction of change, help, and understanding, geared to a coalition with the establishment. Knowing your purpose and what you want out of life are the large questions that can possibly be answered here. If known, they provide a bond of maturity with the establishment for reaching your goals. You need the establishment for direction and they need you for your ideas and eagerness.





“Youth”

unabashed
display of vigor
toying with the
 unheard of
 unspoken
 unseen
 unfelt
 hairhairhairhairhair
 punctuating
shining foreheads aglow – bursting with
hopes
aspirations
 the future in
 brightly shining faces
 scrubbed faces
 lineless faces
 free of
 guilt
 sorrow
 pain
 commitment
youth
 too clean
 too secure
 too unaware
 too much like manicured lawns
 sleek buildings
 precise formulae

youth
held in limbo
by
a society
antiseptic band-aids
stuck on mom
stuck on dad
stuck on ambivalence
stuck on nothing

youth
BORED

by Acy L. Jackson
Westminster College
New Wilmington, Pa.
Fall, 1968.



Acy Lee Jackson graduated from Westminster College several years ago. Since then, he has taught in other countries and has done work in the United States. He visited here after Thanksgiving to speak at a Vesper service. He arrived Friday night, and during the weekend until Monday morning, he wrote this poem about the college students here.

I don't think he is wrong and yet I'm not sure that he is right. How much of it is true and what was his stimulus for it?





Boredom usually means that there is nothing to do and that you have nothing to occupy your mind. Boredom comes from within. It is not inflicted upon you, ergo, if you are bored; look to yourself, not the institution, for the reason. The people around you supply a decent amount of stimulus. All you have to do is look. The classrooms are not necessarily educational in themselves, often times you are the agent that is called upon to do the teaching. Using the tools that are given to you it is your responsibility to learn. Supposedly you are here to learn, Why don't you? A classroom may be of books, equipment, or just the area where your actions take place. Also the campus provides an area where you can learn if you want to. Learning is simple. It might be that a squirrel runs to the opposite side of the tree when you look at it or it may be that the Dewey decimal system works. There is too much here, on this campus and in its rooms, to be bored if you don't want to be.

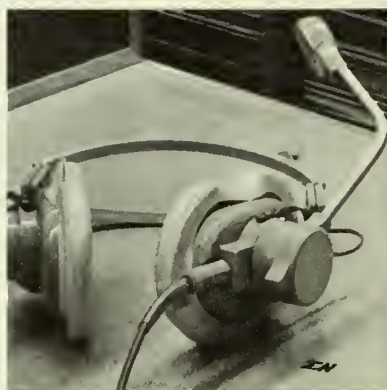


























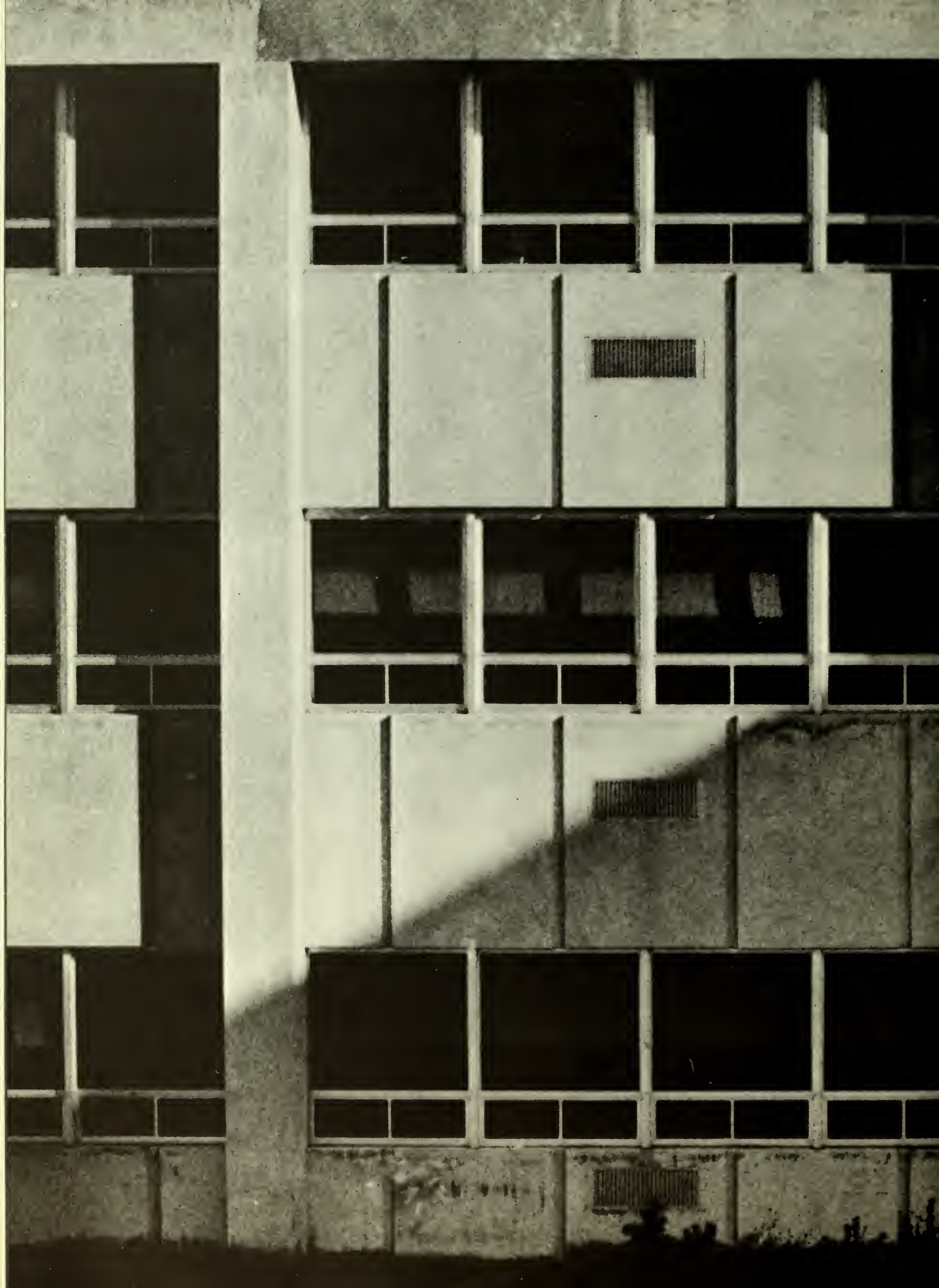






This is the physical campus and the people here are contained in it for the town is small. The situations that unfold here are all basically the same to everyone. It is here that you, the single person, try to find your individuality from within. This takes many years and possibly just four will not be enough, at any rate, you have a chance: A chance to try, to learn, to work, to test people, and have them test you. All of these are parts that your mind puts together to help answer your question of "Who am I". This possibly is not important but many seem to want to know the answer anyway.

The people on campus are the ones who provide most of the stimulus for growth yet the buildings themselves bring to mind many fond memories: being kissed on the terrace of Ferguson by a person you liked or didn't for that matter; scurrying through the A&S to make class before the Prof. got there, finding a quiet lonely corner to hide in when work seemed too heavy and it was too late for the phone to be of any comfort. This is the campus; some hate it for being small and out of the way, others enjoy it for its beauty and its tranquillity for learning without interruptions.

















CLARK
CHEMICAL LABORATORY



God, we went to worship You today but You were off playing hooky. We sang songs. We didn't, however, sing them with much feeling; not as if they meant anything to us. Some of us felt uncomfortable singing in a rhythm so out of touch with the rhythm of life as we know it.

It was as if an obstruction had been put in the middle of a freeway forcing us to slow down for some reason that was never explained to us. We could not pat our feet, or clap our hands, or even smile because the music forced us to try to make a joyful noise with a sad countenance.

MAYBE THERE WERE OTHERS WHO JUST KNEW YOU WERE ABSENT.

We prayed to You, for You, and with You. Most of us clasped our hands and forced our eyes shut. There were some of us, however, who were so hypnotized by the captivatingly soaring gothic architecture (which kept pulling our eyes heavenward) that it was difficult for us to keep our eyes closed for the long prayers. And so, we peeped in hope that we might see You. There were some who even felt the need to look at each other (Your creation) in order to better praise You for Your creation. You realize, of course, that looking at another person is hazardous business. Why do we sit in rows always looking at the back of a person? Who do we close our eyes when we pray? And so some of us peeped.

MAYBE THERE WERE OTHERS WHO JUST
KNEW YOU WERE ABSENT.

We listened in enraptured silence to the inspired word. Most of us were carefully tuned in, often vowing to do what was asked of us—even if it killed us. And the inspired words became more than words to us.

Some of us, however, were busy analyzing the elocution of the speaker. We were mesmerized by the rise and fall and the ebb and flow of the words as they were filtered through the communication system of man. In fact, the rhetorical ramblings of the speaker made us feel a bit comfortable. Why does the reading of the inspired word sound so different from the way we talk with each other?

MAYBE THERE WERE OTHERS WHO JUST
KNEW YOU WERE ABSENT.

Why did You play hooky? Knowing You (well, knowing a little bit about You), I have a few ideas about where You were. Check me out.

I am sure You were visiting that frightened soldier helping him make some sense out of the nonsense he's involved in. How did You find that young couple who is trying to cope with their crisis in co-habitation? How are Your white children in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia getting along? Rather than be partial, we had

better include Your white children all over the world. I want to ask about Your black brothers and sisters but their condition doesn't seem to be Your concern at this point in history. Have they ever been Your concern? I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Old Age are having a rough time trying to feel that they are not being treated like cast-offs. Maybe You too marvel at the increasing number of high rise apartments and rest homes that are being built for our senior citizens. How do our junior citizens feel about all of this?

God,

We went to worship You
today
but
You were off
playing
hooky.

When I was walking out of the sanctuary, I looked around to see if You had come in without my having seen You. I didn't see You. What I saw, instead, were; lonely faces – seemingly reaching out for someone or something,

tense faces – creased in doubt and fear, people – hurrying to get away from themselves and other people. Could they have missed You too?

God,
We went to worship You
today
but
You were off
playing
hooky.













The campus is full of striving individuals yet throughout every struggle concessions have to be made. Concessions seem to rule. The institution makes large concessions in staying a liberal arts college and demanding of the student non-major courses. The professors make concessions in their lesson plans by making a course a survey and not focusing on one point. The student makes concessions when he accepts a college of liberal arts for he will be forced to choose between major and non-major courses that need his attention.

An even larger concession of the student is the adjustment of his individuality. The college is akin to a prison by providing a plan for adjustment into society by dictating proper conduct, morals, and values. Here, the student must decide if he is going to strictly follow the policies of the institution. If the concession, of following the rules, is not taken, then the individual should have enough intestinal fortitude to stand judgement for his actions.

One who makes a concession is not necessarily stupid, for it might have been the only way to accomplish his goal. Everyone has to make concessions, accept it, and work with them.











This suggests $\frac{dy}{dt} = \frac{dy}{dx} \cdot \frac{dx}{dt}$ Chain

If $y = F(u)$ and $u = f(x)$

$$\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{dy}{du} \cdot \frac{du}{dx}$$

One application of chain rule

Parametric
Equations $\left. \begin{array}{l} y = f(t) \\ x = g(t) \end{array} \right\}$

Ex $\begin{array}{l} x = 5 \sin t \\ y = 5 \cos t \end{array}$

$$\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{dy}{dt} \cdot \frac{dt}{dx}$$

le.

$$x^2$$

$$t^2 + t + 1$$

Find

$$y = x^2$$

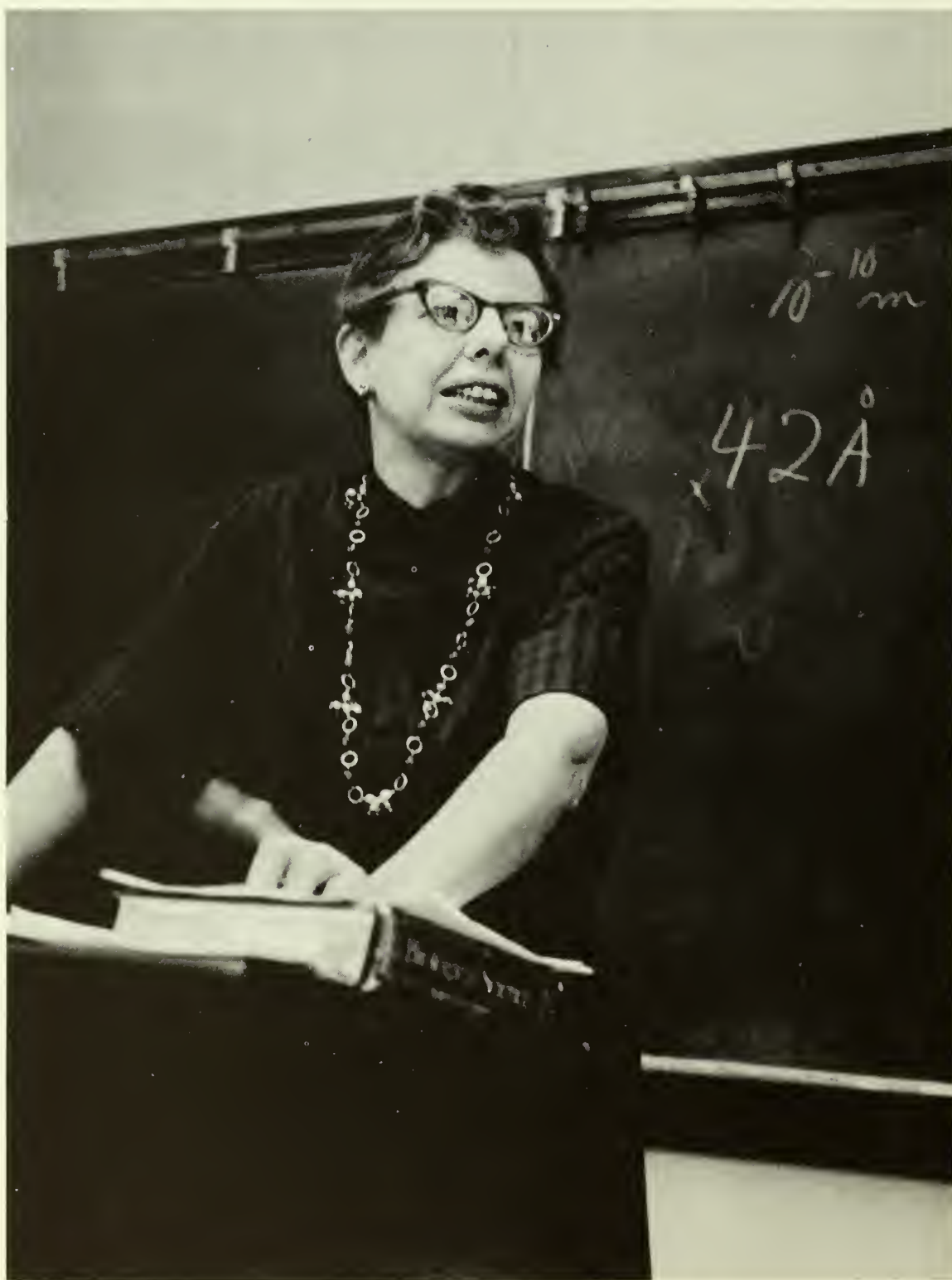
$$y = (2t^2 + t + 1)$$

$$\frac{dy}{dt} = 2(2t^2 + t + 1)$$

$$4t + 1$$











“Metamorphosis”

I.

Caught up in myself,
I live in and for myself.
I experience only as experiences are related to me.
I am all for me or nothing at all.

II.

I slowly crawl out of my cacoon
To see what life is like.
I find it harsh and cold, even cruel.
I turn to go in again and
See there before me,
Hands beckoning to me.
I turn in puzzled amazement to see myself
Surrounded.

III.

From out there in that gray unknown,
Hands reach out to touch me.
Beckoning hands are all around me.
I start in the direction of one and voices
Attached to the others cry out, “No! No!
Come to me.”

IV.

Like wild flowers that blanket the forest
In the warm days of spring,
They stand before me.
I have only to reach out and
Pluck one for my own.
Like the cool breezes of winter,
They are there to be inhaled.
I have only to breathe in and
One is mine.

V.

I take a deep breath and
Become aware
Of the presence of someone beside me.
I want to speak, but I can't.
I want to feel and I can.
I want to dream and I can.
I want to be and I am.
I can't be that me ever again.
Where there was one, there are
Two
Who have become one.













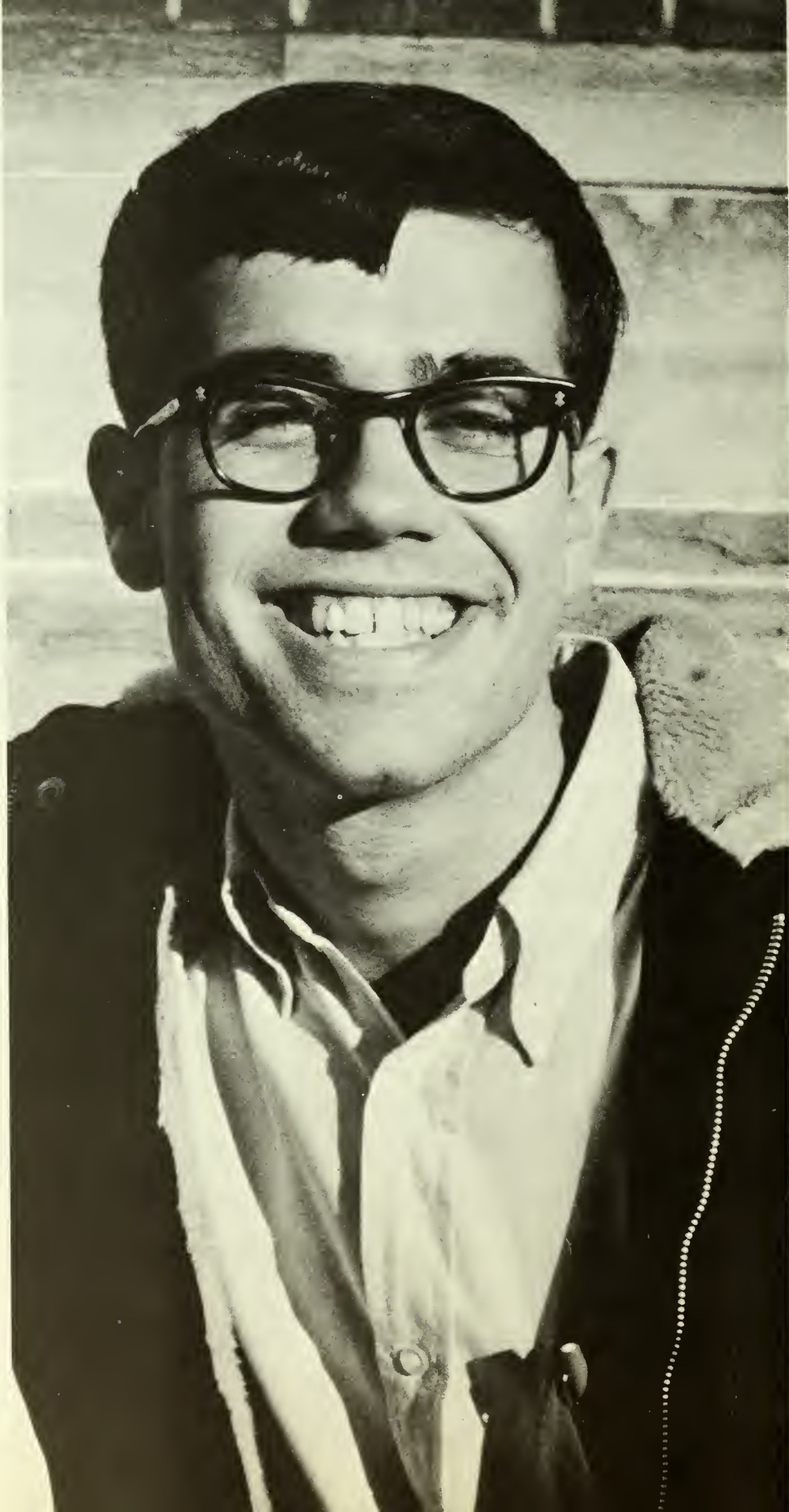


i
you
he
she
it
we
you
they

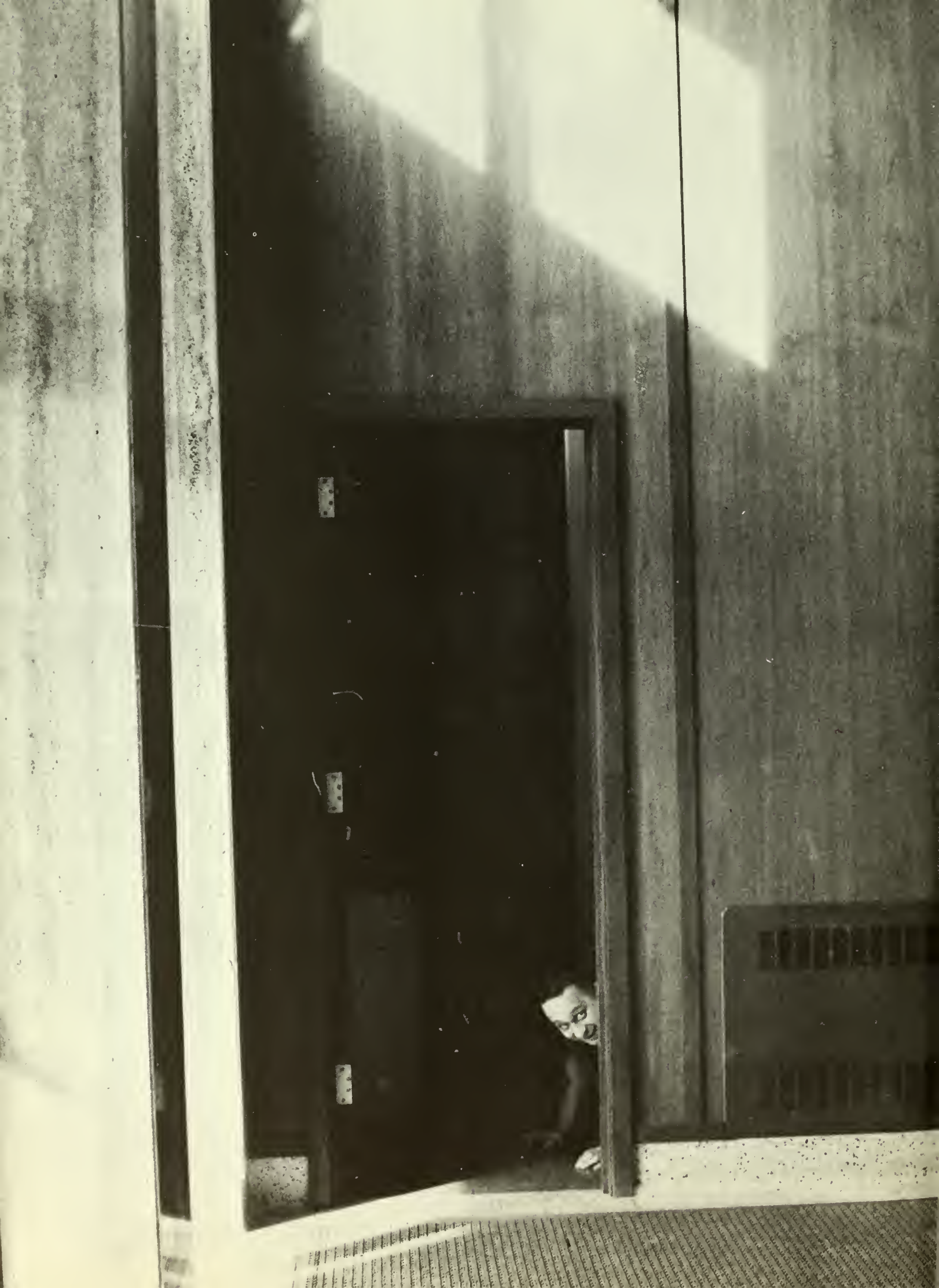
in search of

i
you
he
she
it
we
you
they















“My World”

This world is so vast
That it escapes the narrow confines
of my ability to understand
The precision and refined beauty of
The work of God.

I look up into the world above me
And I am drawn to realize
The immense magnificence, magnitude
And majesty of God.

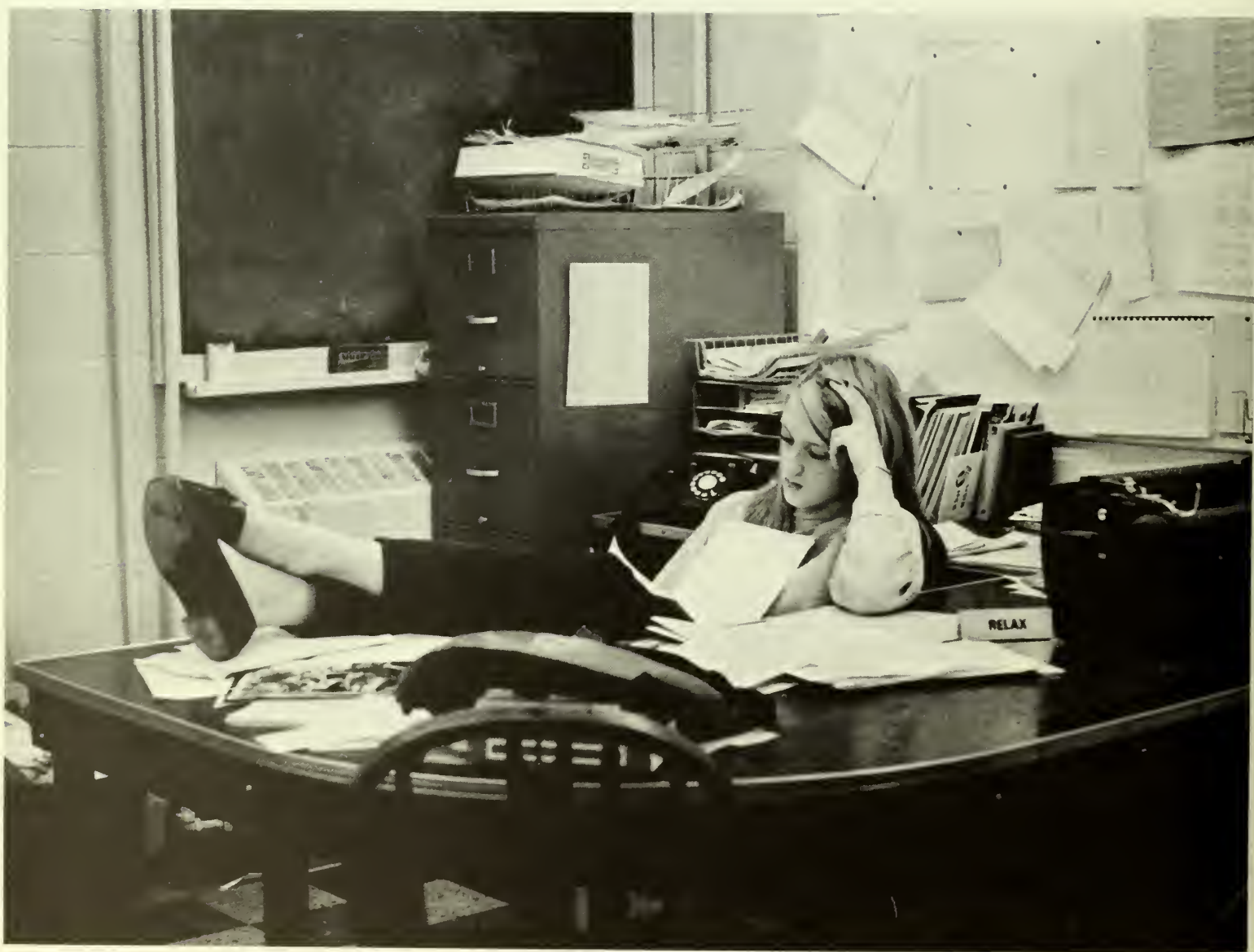
As the direction of my eyes
Comes slowly to “my world,”
I see my inability to see
The greatness of life and
The potential for life
That is within me.

My world is a small world.
It is peopled by people who are near me;
by things that are near to me;
by experiences

that challenge my power to live
and to understand life;
by places
that are full of strength of
the old and
the freshness of the new;
with ideas that keep me in motion.

Yet,
This is not "my world."
My world is within me.
I spend all of my days inside of me.
I cry,
I cogitate,
I concentrate,
I contemplate,
I cower;
Sometimes I laugh,
become angry,
become happy
All within me.

And when I am in, I want to be out.
And when I am out, I want to be in.





Westminster College
Department of Music
THE NEW MUSIC



In the Box 14 72
New 1940
All Seats Reserved

Westminster College
TITANS
SPORTS SCHEDULE

SEPT. 1940

Sept. 19 - Football	Sept. 20 - Football	Sept. 21 - Football
Sept. 22 - Football	Sept. 23 - Football	Sept. 24 - Football
Sept. 25 - Football	Sept. 26 - Football	Sept. 27 - Football
Sept. 28 - Football	Sept. 29 - Football	Sept. 30 - Football

SEPT. 1940

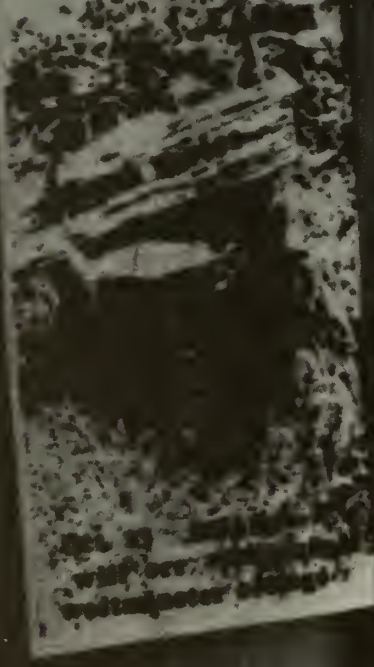
Sept. 19 - Football	Sept. 20 - Football	Sept. 21 - Football
Sept. 22 - Football	Sept. 23 - Football	Sept. 24 - Football
Sept. 25 - Football	Sept. 26 - Football	Sept. 27 - Football
Sept. 28 - Football	Sept. 29 - Football	Sept. 30 - Football

Student Govt. of Grove City College
presents
THE HAPPENINGS
IN CONCERT
THURSDAY, SEPT. 26
GROVE CITY COLLEGE ARENA
8:00 P.M. **ADMISSION 10.00**

HOLCAD
WANTS
YOU

COPY READERS
PROOF READERS
TYPISTS
HEADLINE

THE PUMPKIN



with over
Westminster College



OUT OF ORDER

HOMECOMING
DANCE
Oct. 12 8:00
12.00

STAMBAUGH AUD.

1000 So. Ave. Youngstown, Ohio 2 Shows 6:30 & 8:30

FRI SEP. 27

Shows 8:30, 10:30, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30



HANK WILLIAMS & SPECTACULAR

Headlining The Palace - Unforgettable

HANK WILLIAMS &

Big 201 With The No. 1 Record In Country Music And The No. 1 Top 40 Record In The Nation "Swamp Water, P. I. A."

JEANNIE C. RILEY



**CONWAY
TWITTY**



**BILLY
WALKER**



In His First Eastern Stage Appearance

COUNTRY CHARLEY PRIDE

Junior Harris, Original Billings Cowboy,
Covers of Cedar Riverdale, Many Others

NOTICE

PHOTOGRAPHY

CLUB



“Creative Center”

Why

Do you let me lie fallow
In the deep recesses
Of your innermost self?

I want to come out.

I want to help you
Become
What you are supposed
to be.

I want to help you

Realize
That you are something
Of value
Even for me.

Live

And let me live.
Don't push me.

Let me be

As I am
So that
We can be
As we were meant to be.









“the kaleidoscope”
kaleidoscopic fantasies
about love
and
what brings it on
rush
pell-mell
through
myriad emotions
soliciting
wary participants in
slithering
wreathing
emotive
grinds
in homage to
penultimate
gratification of
long suppressed
longings
dark
endless passageways
winding through forests
populated by
sensitive fir trees
standing watch over
the entrance to the
kingdom
of eternal bliss
bristle
with the touch of
roving candles
in search of
fire
in search of
meeting
in search of
union

reckless inhibitions
about love
and the existence
of non-love
anti-love
joined with alove
words and non-words
joined through
sterile symbols
and
confused acts
mismatched partners
playfully prostituting love
innocent toy
used to arouse
the artificial stimulation of
unlove
eros beguiling
eros
in an erotic search for
enigmatic
agape
words splattered over
the non-act
the non-play
the non-love
poised
on the perimeter for an eternal
whirlpool of bliss
cascading
now downward
now upward
in bursts of
cadenced flight
pursuing the goddess of
perpetual pleasure
engulfed in warmth
generated through
forest

meeting
forest
blissful conversation
among trees
newly
released from
the darkness of
ingrown
one dimensional
existence

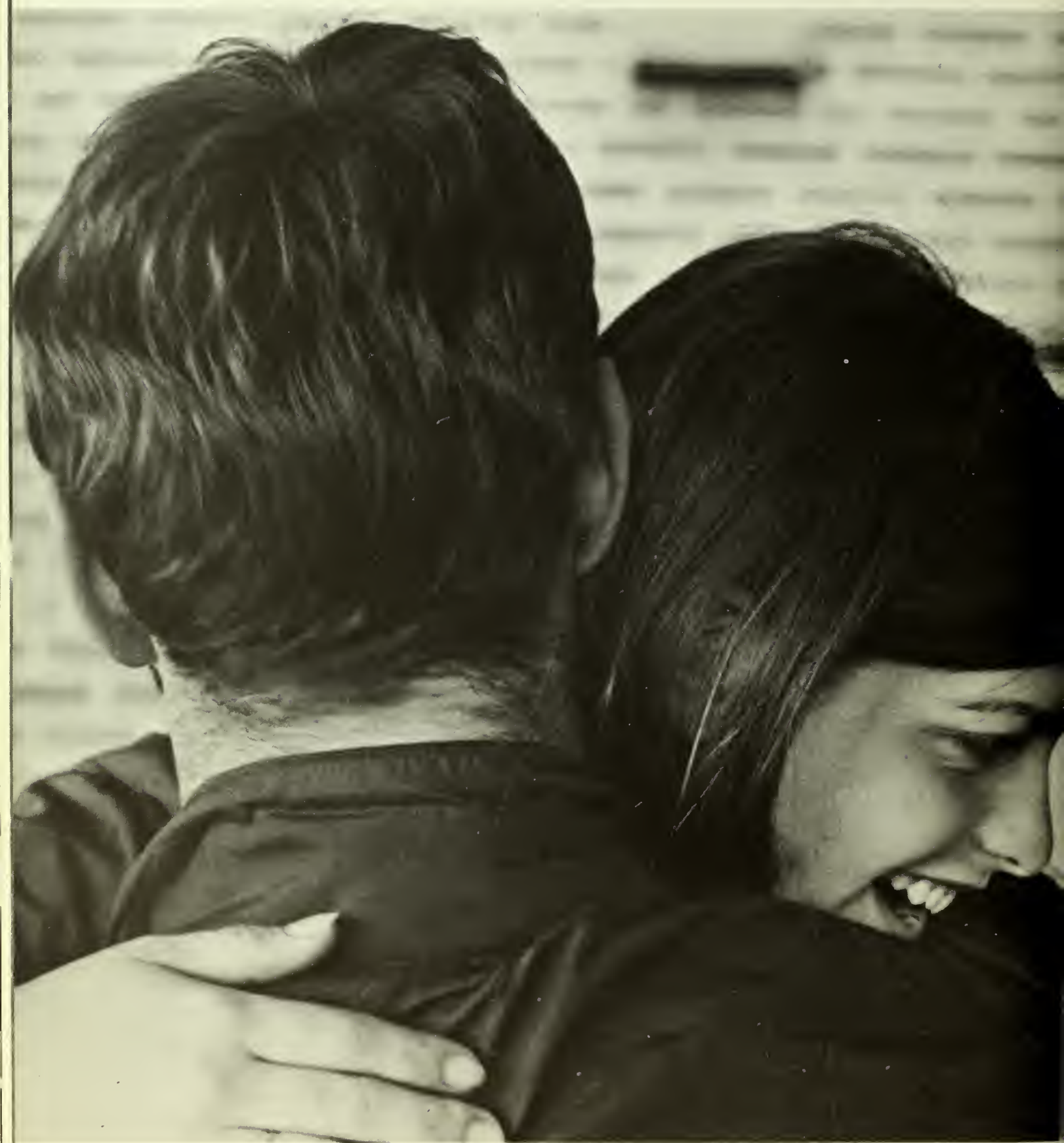
































The college student is a social being. He seeks a companion and becomes a couple; friend and becomes one of a bridge game; specification scholastically and becomes a member of an honorary; exceptance and becomes a member of a social fraternity, but, can he then remain an individual? This is the test for the person seeking identity. If he fails he loses with society, if he wins he will sit on top with the best. It's a large game, but then, what today can' be reduced to game rules?

The individual systematically works himself into larger groups until his social will is filled. Meanwhile, his participation with other people has caused the forming of an eclectic identity which has functions of its own. It is the social and involved college student that is important and his ability to cope with society is paramount.























student power









This is a fraternity. There are five of such and all are most different from the other in eclectic personality. The individual is now definitely in a large group.









































This is a yearbook. It may not be the line-ups of the football team; the smashed together lines of Alpha Psi Omega honorary; the candids of broken windows during animal farm; but it is a book stating the purpose and the people contained in this institution. Everyones picture is not in here so don't look for it. The reason is that this institution already has a publication for this purpose called a baby book and I can not see spending over \$12,000 to duplicate it. If you want this type of a resource you could have bought it for fifty cents. What is here is the observation of the people contained within Westminster's surroundings for the year 1969.

This is a yearbook by showing the mental thoughts and practices of the people contained here, not the exterior faces.















At a very basic level we all have something in common. Each of us is enrolled at, and to some degree affiliated with the same college. Consequently, we are all concerned with what that institution suggests and its bearing on what we become, what we pay dearly to become; whether we, the chosen ones, enjoying opportunities afforded so few, will ever really become what we want.

But tell me truthfully now: between September and June, when this college becomes our universe, do you think much about being privileged, or about becoming a leader of the world? Hell, no. If you think at all, you think about the next test and the night after the test when you plan to get bombed just for kicks—actually desperate relief—and you think about the weekend after that and your girl if you've got one and if not the prospect of getting one, and you think about the next vacation. And even as you plan your glorious weekend, an unwelcome spectre hovers over you, and you feel its subtle presence in the momentary recollection of some neglected assignment; or in a neat catch-phrase, a formula neatly tossed out to you in a neat lecture—something about chemistry or political science or English lit. that gnaws on your brain like a tune you heard the day before. And then you wonder again about your friends who went to state universities and think that perhaps *they* were the chosen ones — because you can't ever really be sure that all the depth and scholarship and crap is going to mean very much when you get out. Will all this really change what you become—what you have desperately paid to become—will you become the very thing that you have lied to yourself about, or perhaps something not so glamorous, not so lucrative, something simpler but more useful.









I was walking to school to take one of my final finals and I saw ahead and caught up with a fellow who had lived across the hall from me freshman year. He said he had his only final this morning and that, as soon as it was over, he was getting out of here for good. Seeing him again made me think of the four years we were here and of all that has happened in such a short and in such a long time. I tried to tell him what I was thinking, but it was hard putting it into words. And what I finally said made no sense anyway. I said I thought that when you look back at freshman year it seems like four days instead of years ago, but when you think of everything you did and of all that happened to you it seems like eight years instead of only four. I admitted then it made no sense. But I was not in the mood to think clearly. I was going to take an exam, and my head ached from the pressure of facts; my mental circuits were clogged and jammed with images of pages of poetry, of underlined passages in wrinkled paperbacks, of titles of poems by Keats and by Shelley. At eight o'clock in the morning, after staying up until four o'clock to study, I could hardly tell one poet's poem from the others'. And I was scared. But after I took that final and three others, and after the pressure to graduate was off, I thought again about what I had told my friend.

I figured there are two ways of looking at this thing. You can look at it from outside yourself: at all that has happened and at all you have learned since you came to college; at how hard you worked, or worked to avoid hard work; at the A you got in Art History and the D you made on Dante, which you explained with a grin to your parents as if you had intended it that way all the time. You can look at how you did, what you did, and how well you did it, and you go way back and it takes a long time, four years, to recall everything that hap-

pened. Or you can look at it—not the way you were taught to see things, critically, objectively — but subjectively — from the inside where it is dark and where the rays of the light of real knowledge take more than four years to penetrate. It takes a lifetime to be yourself, because not until you reach the absolute verge of death can you say I was this or I was that. When you look at it this way, when you think of yourself constantly changing, then four years seems like a very short time in all the time of a whole life of change. I think it was in this way that I meant that it seemed like four days instead of four years ago when we came. It is hard to see inside, but now is an appropriate time to look around inside, after these years of thought about others' books, others' talk, others' thoughts. I can see clearly enough the distinct black letters on my white transcript; I can tell you what I took and what I got. I want to see whether I changed for the better or the worse, whether it was worth the effort and my parents' money, whether I should hang my diploma or myself. I want to see if the me who met my friend going to take his final is a better me than the me that met him for the first time freshman year. What happened to me? I am not exactly sure.



It's not the baseball team you were on that counts; it's not the sorority you were in that counts; it's not the grades you pulled that counts, it's what you have become inside. You have to use all of the things that Westminster provides to make yourself better to yourself and to others; to provide a direction; and a future for that direction. I, Jerry Leute, as editor of this book have tried to state some of the ways to perceive learning so that you can see them more clearly. I hope that they have been stated clearly enough so that twenty years from now you can remember the times. I thank Acy Lee Jackson for the poetry held between this cover.

Compliments of
THE STUDENT UNION

Compliments of
STUDENT GOVERNMENT

INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

SIGMA NU FRATERNITY

Epsilon Psi Chapter

**ALPHA SIGMA PHI
FRATERNITY**

Alpha Nu Chapter

**PHI KAPPA TAU
FRATERNITY**

Beta Phi Chapter

**SIGMA PHI EPSILON
FRATERNITY**

Penn Lambda Chapter

THETA CHI FRATERNITY

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Compliments of
**NEW WILMINGTON
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DELTA ZETA SORORITY

Theta Delta Chapter

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SORORITY**

Alpha Epsilon Chapter

ZETA TAU ALPHA SORORITY

Delta Omega Chapter

PHI MU SORORITY

Beta Upsilon Chapter

SIGMA KAPPA SORORITY

Alpha Sigma Chapter

CHI OMEGA SORORITY

Omicron Gamma Chapter

KAPPA DELTA SORORITY

Alpha Phi Chapter

Compliments of

CWENS

when you are reminising about the past,
remember

THE OLD GRILLE
and
THE NEW LANDMARK

Mc CRUMB'S
M & M MARKET

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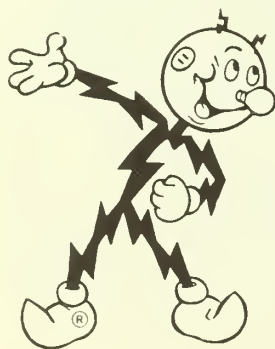
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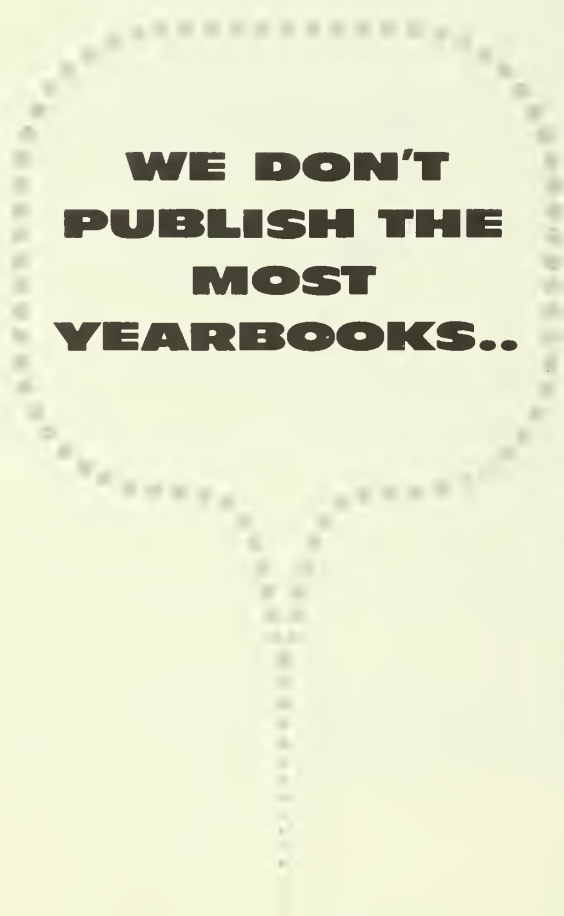
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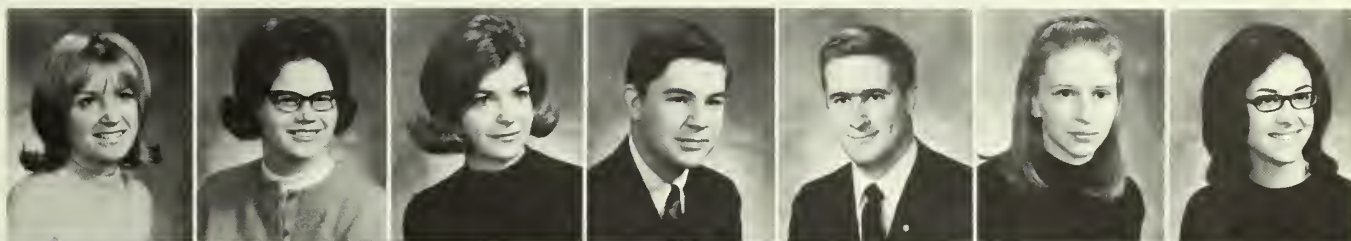


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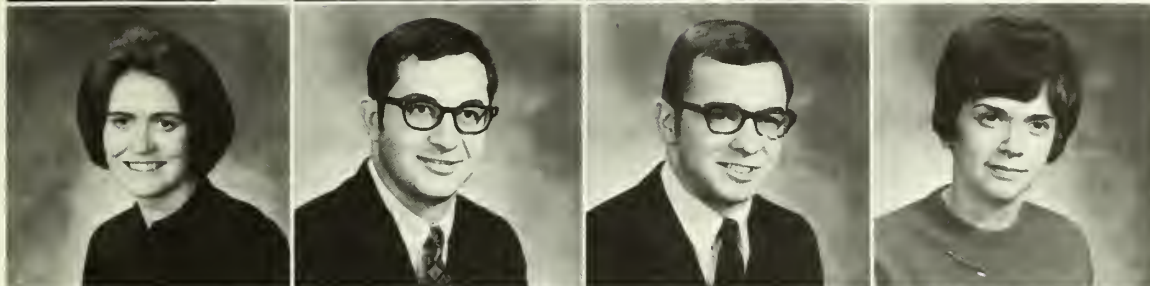
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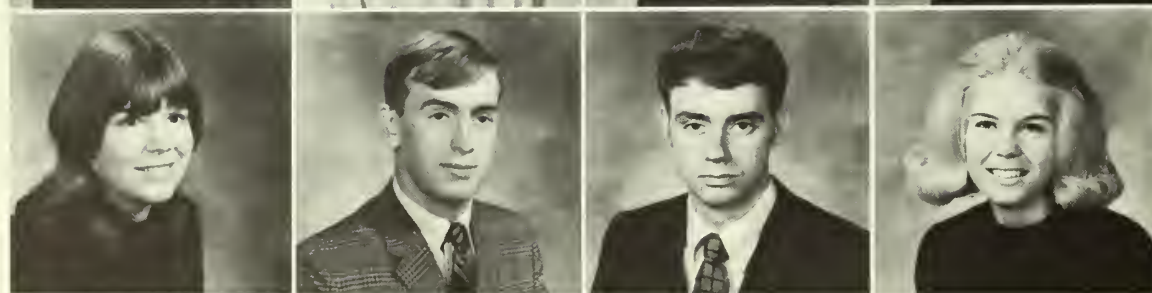
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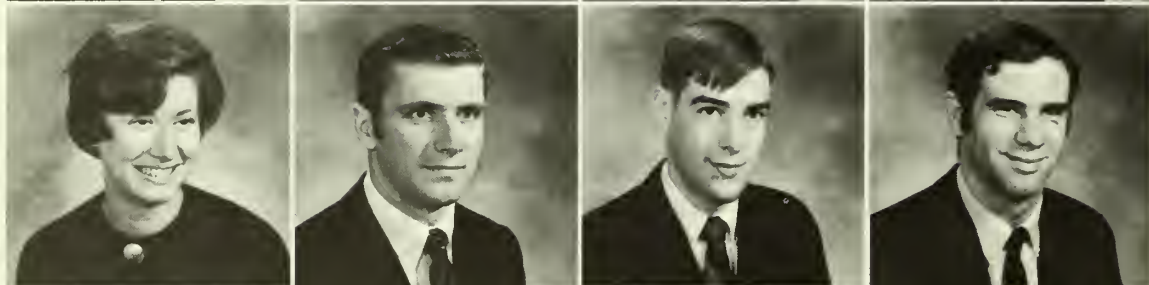




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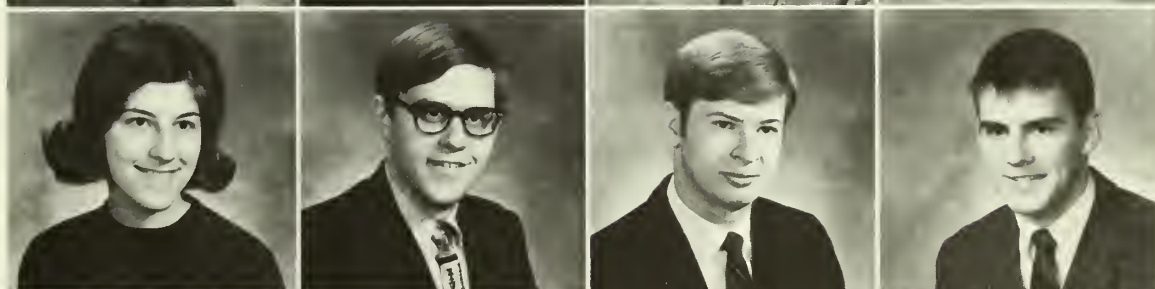
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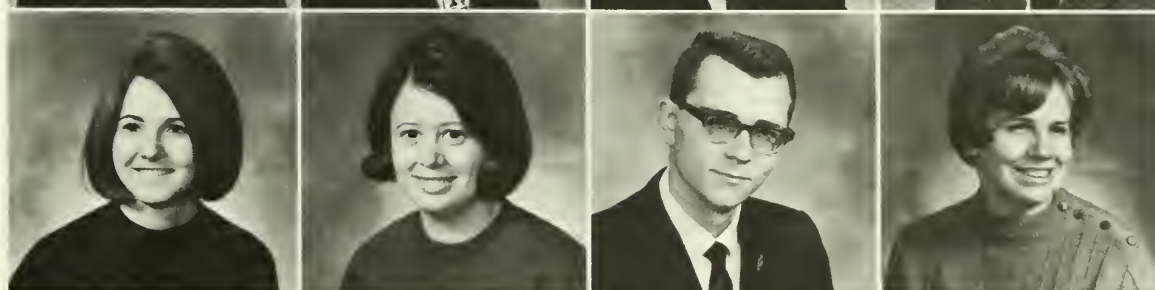
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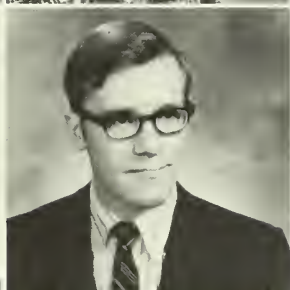


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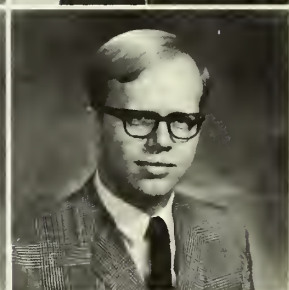
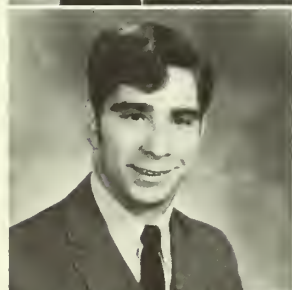
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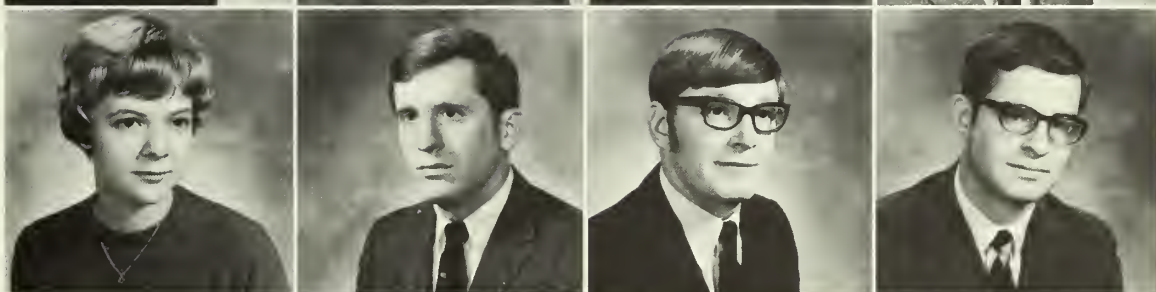
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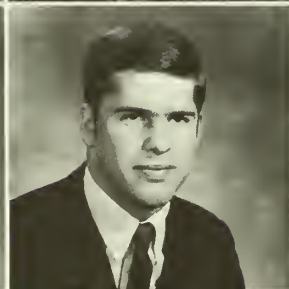
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